

# Halloween Parody

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Summary: The untold story of Halloween... Pure fun, only! Subject to riddalin, kleptomaniacs, and a bunch of other crap. Lol. More coming soon. :D

## 1. Stupid Sisters who Deserve to be Killed

HALLOWEEN PARODY\*\*\*\*

**\*\*Chapter 1: Stupid Sisters who \_Deserve\_ to be Murdered! \*\***

Once upon a time, there was a family by the name of Meyers. Now, little Michael was just \_a little bit\_ crazy, but who'd have thunk?

One night-- Halloween to be exact, Michael's horny sister, and her equally horny boyfriend were in her bedroom...

"My parents won't be back until ten," she tells her boyfriend.

"Are you sure?" he asks, getting excited.

The two giggle like maniacs, while Michael is plotting away his evils, "We're all alone aren't we?" the boyfriend asked, putting on a stupid clown-mask, and trying to make Michael's ditzy sister laugh.

"DUH," she retorts, "Well, that stupid psycho-path Michael is around someplace... Y'know, they make eight movies about him and his weirdness... In part II, it is revealed..."

"Shut up! They're not supposed to know that! It's only 1978!"

"Oh," she says, as a glazed look comes over her eyes; then the two begin to make-out.

SEVEN HOURS LATER: "I gotta go."

"Will you call me tomorrow?"

"Uh, yeah... TOMORROW... About tomorrow, didn't you read the script...? Michael has a little surprise in store for you."

"Presents?"

"Uh, yeah... \_Presents..."\_

He leaves, and she giggles greedily, just as Michael enters the room, "Michael...? Is that you? I can't recognize you in that costume."

Since Michael does not respond, she rambles on, "My \_boyfriend, \_whose name will remain anonymous said that you have something for me..."

Michael nods, and raises a butcher knife.

"Ooh! Is that a necklace, a bracelet, or an anklet?"

Her idiotic smile widens, as he approaches, "Hey I recognize that thing... It starts with a K... But what is it? What is it?"

Michael does not respond, and raises the knife, "Ooh! I know! I know! It's a kleptomaniac!"

Michael shakes his head, angrily, "God, you're stupid! It's a knife! A \_knife\_! Jesus Christ! Did all those drugs, alcohol, and sex rot your brain, or what?"

"A knife? What's a--?" But before she can finish her idiotic sentence, she is being stabbed by her strange brother who seriously needs some riddalin.

## 2. Michael Gets in Trouble

### \*\*Chapter 2: Michael Gets in Trouble\*\*

Michael drops the bloody knife, and smiles maliciously... He runs down the stairs, and out to the front-law, just as his parents come home. "\_I told you they'd be home at ten!" \_his sister's voice echoes from inside the house.

"You're supposed to be dead!" the child screams, as the car which houses his parents comes to a complete stop.

"Oh yeah!" she whispers, and speaks no more. \_(Thank God.)\_

The door of the car opens, and Michael's drunk parents stagger out, "What're you doing out here, son?" his mother asks, as Michael brandishes the bloody knife.

"Uh-oh, Mikey-oh," his father says, staggering, "Did you kill \_another \_sister and/or babysitter?"

"I guess so," Michael says, as his mother pulls off the "scary"

mask.

"Michael," his mother warns, "\_That wasn't very nice. \_Now you give me Mr. Knife, while your father and I think up a suitable punishment for your clearly ADD-related killing sprees."

"Punishment? \_Do I have to!" \_

His mother nods, "That little rascal," she whispers, "What are we going to do about him?"

Her husband shrugs his shoulders, "Well... Boys will be boys..."

She clucks her tongue, "He was such a nice little boy before the killings... So \_normal; \_he'd laugh when you would hit me, or when I would try to commit suicide. Now..."

"He needs some time-out," he replies, as a hangover settles in, "I think we should send him to the cuckoo's nest..."

"\_Cuckoo's nest?" \_Michael called from the front-porch,  
"\_YIPPEE!"\_

### 3. Michael Escapes! Dun! Dun! Dun!

#### \*\*Chapter 3: Michael Escapes! Dun! Dun! Dun!\*\*

Michael grew up to be a somewhat pleasant little boy... He still tried to murder people, but since it was all related to ADD, and he couldn't afford riddalin, the doctors and nurses let him slide by... Occasionally allowing him to murder a little boy and/or girl.

Now, it happened that on the night before Halloween, Michael's favorite doctor, Loomis, and some arbitrary bimbo-nurse were driving up to the hospital to visit the darling teenager, who was \_clearly \_suffering from stress, Loomis was droning on about something completely irrelevant, as he always did when he wasn't high, "...Then he gets another physical by the state, and he makes his appearance before the judge. That should take four hours if we're lucky, then we're on our way."

"That's nice," the nurse replies, applying lipstick to her huge lips which clearly had BOTOX, "What did you use to drug him up before? \_Clearly, \_these murders are stress-related, and due to his ADD... a complex disease, y'know."

"Thorazin."

"\_Thorazin? \_Why \_Thorazin! \_Why not Riddalin, God-damn it! Why not Riddalin, you madman!"

"Jesus Christ, woman! Lay off the booze! I \_told you; \_his parents are piss-ass poor, even though they lived in that huge house, so they can't afford the \_good \_stuff... I have to give him the imitation shit."

"That's not very nice."

"Oh, well, here we are!"

Lightning flashes, and an evil scientist is heard cackling in a nearby castle in Transylvania, as a side on the side of the road is lit up:

SMITH'S GROVE - WARREN COUNTY

SANITARIUM

They frown at the shack, which is the sanitarium, The nurse's face lights up with understanding, "No wonder all those inmates escaped last night... They don't have any locks on the doors... They don't even have \_doors..." \_

"Are there any special instructions?" she asks, annoyed.

"Just try to understand what we're dealing with here. Don't underestimate it."

"\_IT! IT! \_Oh my God! I \_love \_that book, I mean: I think we should refer to 'it' as 'him.' Calling 'it' 'him...' I mean calling 'him' 'it' isn't very nice. And he wasn't the 'It Girl' in 1905... \_I was."\_

He stares at her face, and smiles, "If you say so."

Suddenly, through the rain-covered windshield, they see \_five patients \_running amuck. "Not this shit again," she whispers, angrily, lighting a cigarette, "I'm \_sick \_of the crazies escaping, and ruining my life! After all, girls just wanna have fun!"

"Oh no!" Loomis screams, "Michael's there too! He's escaped as well! How awfully convenient for a horror movie!"

"\_Slasher flick," \_Michael corrects him, giving the both of them the finger.

"That's not very nice!" the nurse interjects, as Michael runs off into the distance...

End  
file.